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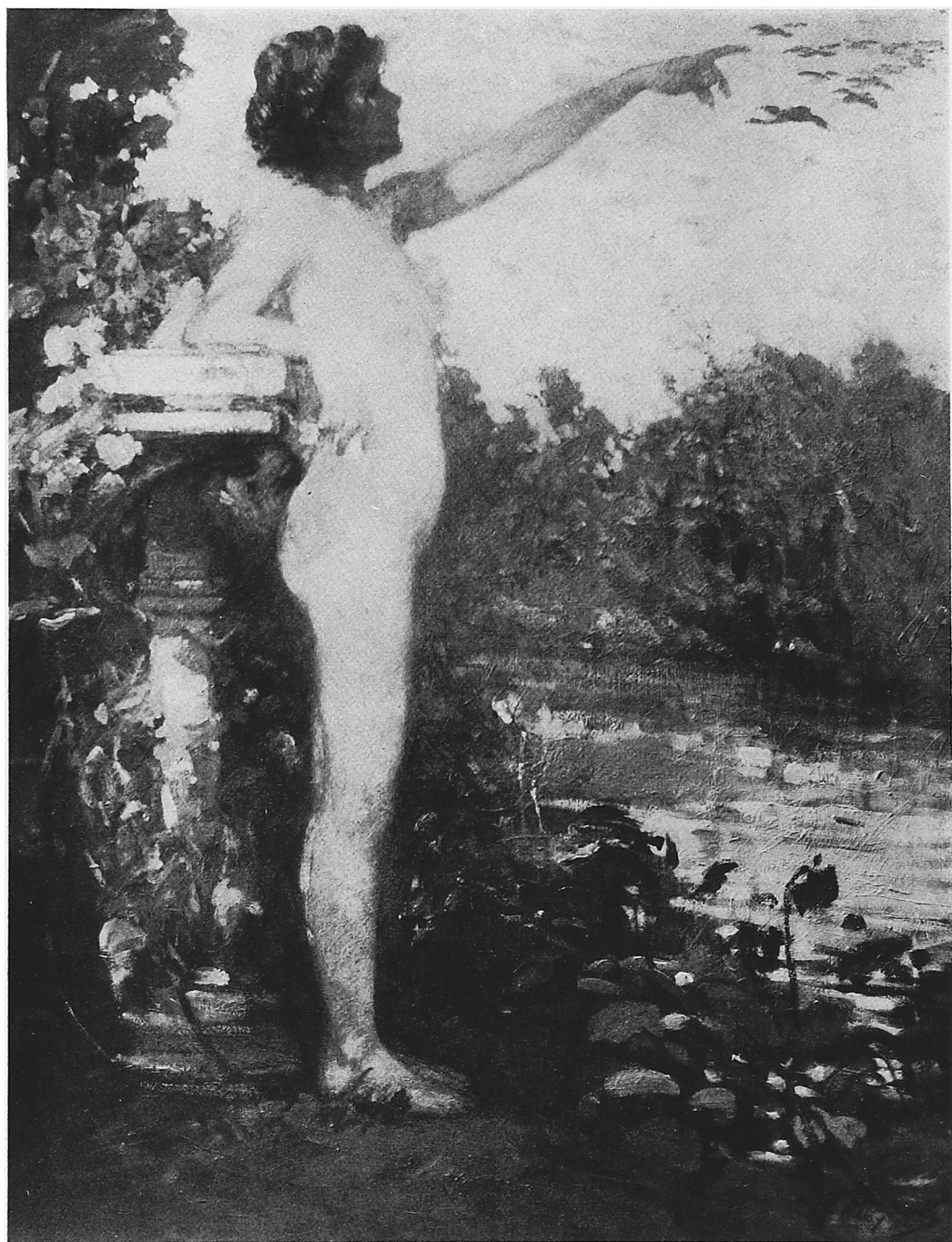
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*"FAUST AND MARGUERITE"*  
*By Bouguereau*

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



*"THE WATER FOWL"*  
*By Lillian M. Genth, N. A.*

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



"SUMMER—SCENE IN THE PARK"  
By Wm. M. Chase

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

## An Art Lover's Collection

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

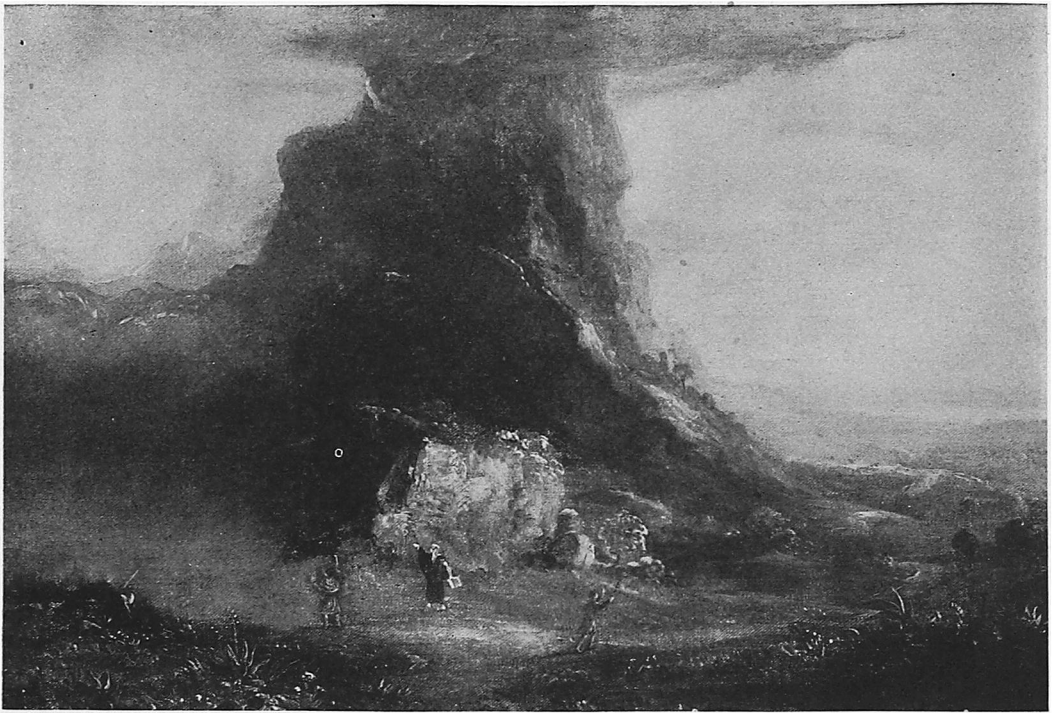
ONE born with a passionate love of art naturally buys a picture whenever his heart is moved, without too much study of the reputation of the artist or the probabilities of the increase in money value as time passes. This man is your true connoisseur and should have credit for his honesty. Men often buy noted names in consideration of the chances that the collection will sometime appear in the auction room. The one we have in mind is your true picture lover acting on impulse—not on calculation; and buys whatever good art happens to come in his way. It is easy to imagine that this one surpasses the other in enjoyment.

We are studying the collection of Charles A. Green, of Rochester, New York, who de-

clares that he could not resist the impulse to buy each one of his pictures as it came before him. He is a born picture lover. While himself not a painter, his artistic taste is verified by his occupation as a florist.

Our attention is first arrested by contrasting two kinds of art; a picture painted in the open air, by the very-much-alive artist, William M. Chase—the most modern realism; and one by Thomas Cole, who died many years ago. This latter picture is in the earliest American manner,—a following of old Italian art, probably that of the Italian painter, Salvator Rosa, who made sketches of rugged mountain country, from which he painted large pictures in his studio.

A few years ago, Mr. Chase lived in



"END OF THE WORLD"  
By Thomas Cole

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

Brooklyn, and wandered into the nearby park, sitting down almost anywhere on the lawn, beside the park road, with one or more buildings in sight. The canvasses being small, one half day was devoted to each. His aim was to catch the sense of outdoor light and air. In our illustration we see the Brooklyn art gallery amid the young trees. Though the material is so little interesting, the impression it makes is delightful. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Chase in Central Park, painting the lakelet where the boys sail their toy yachts.

Now we may note the diametrically opposite conditions in the allegorical work by the late Thomas Cole. He was the first landscape painter of the "Hudson River School," and found his motives in the Catskill mountains, though all the scenery became idealized in his hand. This picture, of a rock-needle, was manufactured from many sketches of Catskill rock forms, packed together into an idealized peak, as

there are no such peaked rocks in the Catskills. The picture we reproduce is small, a preliminary study for a larger composition, as we shall presently see.

Cole's home was a capacious country house on the banks of the Hudson River, near Catskill village. From his west door the Catskill mountains ranged themselves, some ten miles away. From the east door the eye followed a noble curve in the Hudson River, the city of Hudson in the distance. It so happened that the large studio, whence his important pictures issued, and which was left untouched at his death, was used by one of my intimate friends, and there I visited many times. At one end of this big room stood a huge canvas, with a landscape well laid in, but by no means completed.

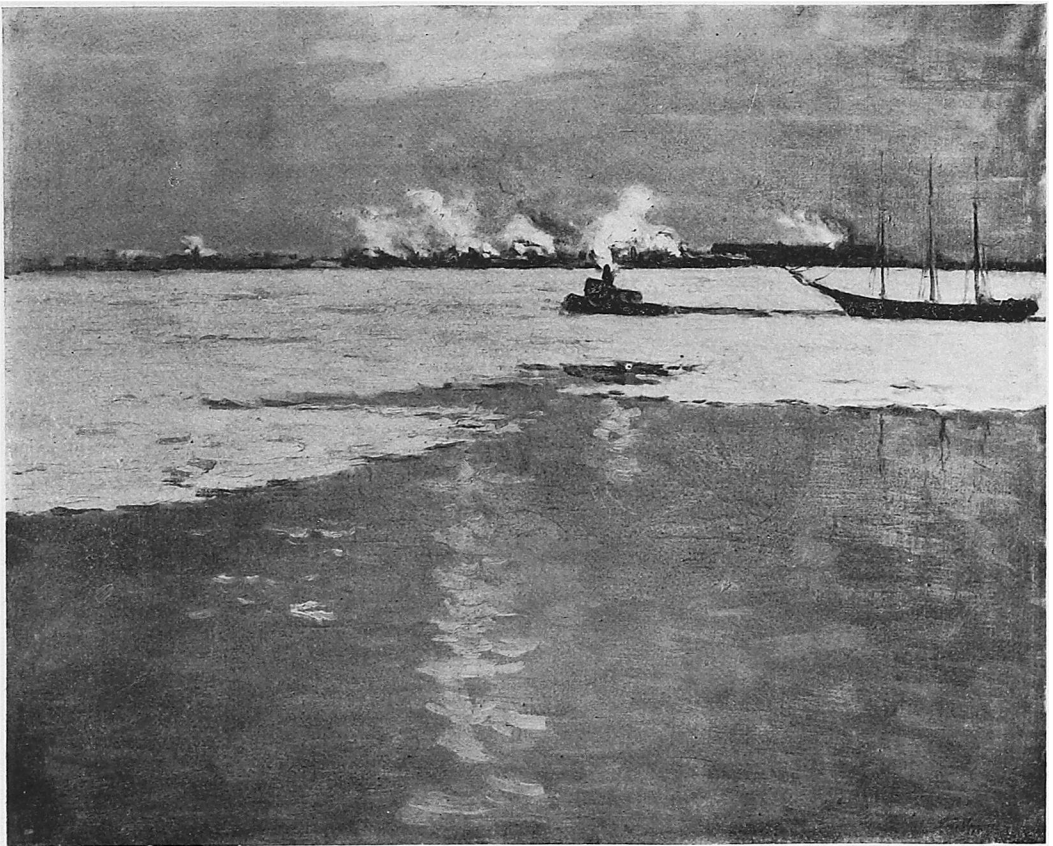
It was exactly the motive we here reproduce. We see in the foreground a prophet urging a traveler to take one road around the rocky peak, where was a gloomy and



forbidding cloud and rough surroundings. Far beyond the cloud were rugged peaks, a clear sky, and the glorious light of the Cross hanging in the heavens. The other traveler insists on taking the smoother road on the other side of the peak, where the land gently undulates, and the long level lines suggest ease and tranquillity. But there is no gleaming Cross in this sky and the road seems to lead to oblivion. Everything in this huge picture has its corresponding part in the small one, which Mr. Green owns. However, the title which Mr. Cole gave this big unfinished canvas was "The Parting of the Ways." The small picture shown here is called "The End of the World." Perhaps some of my readers have seen, in old-fashioned parlors, the famous engravings of Cole's "Voyage of Life," so widely ad-

mired and so multitudinously copied in the girls' boarding school of the early day. We readily raise the question as to which of these pictures is the more poetical, the sweet summer park of Chase's or the laboriously presented allegory of Thomas Cole?

The virtues of simplicity in composition is suggested in another picture by the few lines representing a wide river nearly all covered with a mass of snow-white ice, through which a black tug is towing a coal laden schooner. Far away under a forbidding sky is drawn a thread of shore, its factories pouring forth puffs of steam and smoke, for which we suspect a black schooner carries an additional supply of coal. This is not a pretty poem; but the silence, the gloom, the stumpy tug and the lean schooner tells the life in hard conditions. The title



"SNOW AND STEAM"  
By Fred Wagner

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



"THE BOY IN THE SEA"  
By Sorolla

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



"ATTACKED BY RED SKINS"  
By Frederick Remington

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

is "Snow and Stream;" the artist, Fred Wagner of Philadelphia.

In the matter of painting pictures there are many things to be considered. There is story on the one hand and coloring and handling—each playing its interesting part. The justly celebrated Spanish painter, Sorolla, paints the story of life as found at the Spanish port of Valencia; which gives him an opportunity to study the joy of active boys and girls who swim or play in the sparkling waters. He has secured some extraordinary attitudes, unlike anybody's else, and wonderfully imbued with vitality. Perhaps he is the most original student of movement in the whole world, and adds to this his magnificent color, thrown on his canvas with fresh pigment and with a glorious abandon. He secures the sea movements superbly; and on the waves and sand a sunshine scarcely equalled by any painter of any time. Mr. Green has captured a striking example of his work.

As we are talking of dancing brush work and brilliant color, let us study the picture by Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones of Philadelphia. One cannot say whether Miss Jones owes anything to the Spanish painter, though there are some striking resemblances in the brushing, coloring and the general effect. But there is no other American woman painter who can equal her abandoned brushing and brilliant coloring. Most of her motives are bits of park or garden with women and children about. It really is astonishing how much she can express with one stroke. Heavily loading her brush with two or three unsolid pig-

ments, laying this big daub on the side of a head, one twist of the wrist makes a wonderful ear with all its complications. All the draperies and surroundings are done with the same amazing cleverness.

E. W. Redfield of Philadelphia, the painter of winter landscapes, streaked and spotted with half melted snow, here breaks out with a marine picture, the usual rocky shore and surf. The simple composition is most restful, but still full of life and movement. This talented man has the endurance to stand out-of-doors in the cold weather, and paint what is before him with an astonishing swiftness, making a pretty large picture at each sitting; which, though roughly han-



"CORNER OF THE LOUVRE"

By James Tissot

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.





*"LITTLE MOTHER"*  
By Mrs. Richardson

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

dled, is correct in harmony, in forms and most of all in sentiment. The most remarkable thing about him is the correctness with which he lays each stroke. Not courting popularity, he is very popular.

There is another painter whom many suppose to be a Hollander, because of his name, Gruppe, and he might have been one except for the fact that he was born in America, and that his very clever wife is Canadian. Not alone is his name Dutch, but for many years Holland has been his home and the subjects he paints exist in Holland. Like nearly all the painters of that country, he has followed Israels in manner of working. Perhaps it is well so; because, paintings by the followers of Israels are very much in demand. We see the same rustic interior:

the same table in front of a window; the same distribution of lights on the tableware and falling athwart the floor and walls, gleaming on shirt and head, and the voluminous petticoats of the woman in white cap, who is pouring the same tea out of the same teapot that all the other painters use. The crumbly handling of the color produces the same impression of mystery and quiet. All this is well because the prototype is so excellent. However, Gruppe is a talented man and introduces his own character into interiors or landscapes. The artist is now in America, to remain, and will doubtless give us some other scenes, though they may always bear the stamp of his Dutch training. He paints from time to time, portraits, and here we have the face



“SURF”  
By E. W. Redfield

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



"LOGGING SCENE"  
By F. W. Hutchinson

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.



"THE ANGEL INN"  
By Colin Campbell Cooper

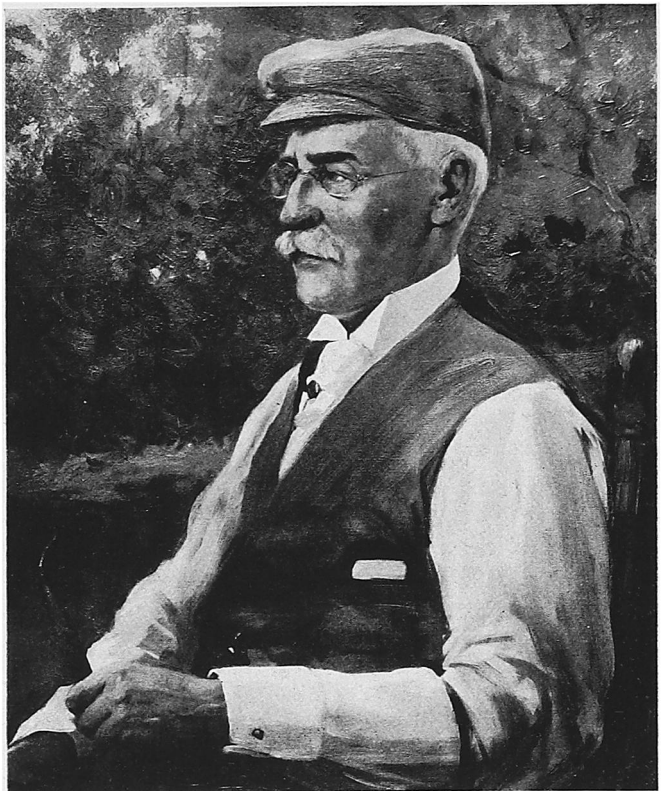
—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

and figure of Mr. C. A. Green, who owns the collection that we discuss. Proud of his profession, the sitter appears in his working clothes because they will always remind him and his followers of the charming nursery where his work is done. He is a typical man, of taste and artistic feeling, who gives his hand to the production of beauty.

I said that Mr. Green did not attempt to collect any considerable number of paintings by one artist, but we find that he is much attracted by the paintings of Lillian M. Genth, of New York. She is so good a painter that artists all acclaim her, and all her pictures are showered with praise—one of the very few women artists upon whom the rank of National Academician has been bestowed. Every honor she receives is well earned. Her paintings of nude women sporting in the woods are unlike any others. Not attempting to vie with many celebrated painters of the nude, she uses her figures as accessories to her landscape, though the figures are often quite large and remarkably well done. If these figures are represented sporting amid the trees, swinging upon the depending boughs, or chasing each other about the meadow, they are detailed exactly as much as the landscape is—and that is not considerable. Usually the air which surrounds the trees, so they are swimming in brilliant light, making them a part of the glorious summer day, is the same which surrounds the girls; so that they are silvery and glistening, a part of the landscape, just enough made out to be real, but never made the most important thing in the painting. When Bouguereau painted a nude in the

woods, he had to think first of his model and then, secondly, the leafy trees. Miss Genth paints leafiness and sporting figures as if they were actually one. This is a pretty important distinction and on it depends her position as an artist. The canvases are beautifully colored, though scarcely with any crude pigment. It is a tender rendering of light, cheerfulness and sportiveness. Four of these pictures plainly reveal the correctness of my statement. One of the others is an interior where the sunlight peeks in through the Venetian blinds and glimmers through every crevice, just as the sunshine glimmers in her landscapes. All over the figure are these spots of sunshine which give wonderful mystery to their setting.

Here is just the moment to examine an opposite art, that of the late Bouguereau, of France. As a painter and draughtsman, no



"PORTRAIT C. A. GREEN"  
By Charles P. Gruppe



"THE BATHERS" —C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.  
By Lillian M. Genth, N. A.

one can outmeasure him; but there is no sentiment in the painting here shown, except that to be found in the story of all lovers. The pretty woman is undoubtedly thinking very hard as she listens to the handsome and sweet faced man. She is the better person of the two. The leafy vine, the carved coffer, the spinning wheel and the reposeful cat are individually triumphs of painting. But these are like the wings on the theatrical stage,—the one set up against the other, but, no two of them bathed in the same atmosphere. The beautifully painted dress has no kinship with the equally well painted vine. The woman's figure is cut out with a scissors just as positive on the right as on the left; which Nature never is. The exquisitely smooth face

shows none of that vibration which all faces in outdoor life must show. So this is another art, a wonderfully painted series of things not related, though each one is a triumph of close observation. This criticism sounds severe. On the other hand, he was a marvelous draughtsman, an extraordinary brushman, and, for a long lifetime, was acclaimed as "Bouguereau, the Great." The fact that artists paint today with the better sentiment and greater spirituality is no reason why so good a man should be laid on the shelf.

Nearly the same sort of art is found in "A Corner of the Louvre," by the late James Tissot, a French contemporary of Bouguereau's. Tissot is well remembered as the painter of a multitude of little water colors, illustrating the life of Christ, in the most materialistic manner. Long study in Palestine made this possible.

But to occupy his time and fill his purse Tissot did many genre pictures, like this one, showing a corner of the great Paris art museum, where a man half-hidden by the statuary bestows his attentions on a woman companion. Certainly the work is admirably done, and nothing in the slightest degree neglected, even to the architecture outside the window. There is a secondary center in this picture, and it is a question whether this busy woman is necessarily there to contrast with the idleness of the two principal figures. The faithful way in which Tissot has painted every one of these difficult objects, and the very modern Dolly Varden dress, is certainly a triumph. The most that the picture lacks is atmosphere. Tissot has made



many etchings in which this model, dress, hat and all, plays an important part. At the close of the Franco-Prussian War, Tissot found himself nearly penniless, but managed to get to London. Here he painted the portrait of an English railway magnate, sitting in a first class railway carriage, impatiently leaning forward and gazing at his watch. Can we wonder that this wonderful brushman who could invest a portrait with such telling accessories found no difficulty in re-establishing his credit?

As time has gone on, the owner of this collection has pleased himself by buying good pictures painted by men whose names are not so very widely known, as "The Auction Sale," a freely painted work by Martin Peterson of New York; "The Ancient Druid Tank," by E. Ertz, R. B. A., of England; "Outside the Sheep Fold," by George L. Hurdle, president of Rochester, New York, Art Club, a scene in Holland very much resembling a painting by Mauve in its arrangement; "Sheep and Poultry," by Bahien, of Belgium, a faithfully painted picture, in a style much used in Germany, where the artist presumably studied; "Signalling to His Tribe," by Seth Jones, distinctly American—the artist here suggests a vast lonely waste with small figures in the center, in conditions which are decidedly dramatic).

Frederick Remington is a graphic describer of cowboy and military life on the great plains, and has painted an "Attack by the Indians," in which he shows us the costumes of the old trappers and the critical conditions of their lives. The processes of loading and firing the old-fashioned muskets, priming the

old flint-lock from a powder horn, are faithfully portrayed incidents in history. Remington never has posed as a great painter, but he was a faithful delineator of things that he saw and knew.

This line of pictures is broken by a beautifully painted fruit piece by Miss Robberts, of Philadelphia. It is a modern picture marked by free brush work and excellent feeling for light and dark and atmosphere and not the hard slavish copying of textures which so long prevailed. There is a shimmering light on all the objects. G. Glenn Newell is here with "Young Cattle," which sustains his excellent reputation for spirited handling and good texture. W. Merritt Post, N. A., has had a fine reputation this



"THE SEA CAVE" —C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.  
By Lillian M. Genth, N. A.



"A HOLLAND HOME"  
By Charles P. Gruppe

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.

many years. Always following the traditions, his work is decidedly winsome.

Among men who paint buildings, none is more poetical than Colin Campbell Cooper. His picture of "The Angel Inn" recalls his loose style and strong realism. Though so freely executed and suggestive, he leaves out no essential. This picture is a water color and is superbly handled. Of course we recall his pictures of our recent skyscrapers, reaching up into the silent air, where the light plays hide-and-seek in their architectural parts; and no one does such things better.

F. W. Hutchinson, of New York, has studied the loggers in the northern snow clad country and his free brush stroke seems to suggest vividly the cold weather. Quite something else comes from the studio

of John Ross Key, of Washington, D. C. The execution is photographic, but faithfully portrays the truths of "A Rural Flower Garden."

Having passed through the gallery, we can but stop before three figure subjects of everyday, domestic life. First is Martin Peterson's "The Music Master." We look at the very serious and interested old man who strives to make the girl put some sentiment into her playing, while she, a young and foolish, half-scared child, picks her way through the maze of notes. The expressions are excellent and the story better told than usual. "A Holland Girl," by Jane Peterson, of New York and London, recalls the methods of nearly all the recent Dutch painters; the brilliantly lighted win-

dow gleams on face, cap, dress and other objects. She is another faithful student of Israel's manner. Certainly the work is full of spirit and dash.

How can we take leave to better advantage than by studying "Little Mother," by Mrs. Richardson, of California? The motherly attitude of the half-grown girl is the embodiment of dawning maternity, and baby is entirely a babe seeking comfort and repose on a maternal breast. The shadowy reflections on the downturned face are charmingly done and the composition as graceful as possible. As it is really one of the good pictures in the collection, we wish

that Mr. Green had more examples of this artist's work.

Before closing, it is pleasant to study the first picture Mr. Green ever secured—the beginning of his collection. In a cave a crouching Magdalene contemplates a human skull. The composition and handling are distinctly in the style of the Italian painter, Correggio, and Mr. Green has secured the opinion of many experts, all of whom have pronounced it a genuine work of that famous painter. The selection of this picture, by a very young man, speaks of the reality of his call to be a collector, and the good taste always guiding him.



"A FRIEND OF MINE"

By Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones

—C. A. Green Collection, Rochester, N. Y.